

Cloudy with a Chance of Jailbait by Deep_South

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Summary:

Hopper took a lingering moment on the threshold to look them both over through the screen. Billy had draped himself across the door, hip and head cocked against the wood frame peering up through his lashes. Steve, as usual, was subtler, hovering behind Billy's shoulder trying to curl himself away from the rain. The path to the house didn't extend all the way up the drive, and the walk from the car had drenched them both until they were dripping, denim and cotton clinging to every fold.

"Hey, daddy," Billy teased with a wicked grin before making his eyes comically wide, a facade of innocence. "We're all wet for you."

Behind him, Steve snorted. "Classy, Billy."

Jim couldn't help but laugh at both of them, the vibration stirring instinctual warnings of danger deep in his gut. But he pulled the door the rest of the way open anyway with a sighed surrender and stepped aside to let their soaking, jailbait asses into the cabin.

Cloudy with a Chance of Jailbait

Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide](#) by [BeautyInChains](#).

So it turns out BeautyInChains's Billy/Steve/Hopper extravaganza "Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide" inspired more than one of us! Thus I guess this is kind of fanfic of a fanfic... So BeautyinChains, thank you for your dedication to perversion.

Note for the diehard Harringrove people. I get you. I'm one of you. Billy/Steve is the underlying main emotional and relationship pairing. Hopper's just there to provide his services as another dimensional plot(porn) device and to be generally Daddy AF.

Early summer in Indiana never brought a simple rain. It either drizzled light enough to blend into the humidity or it stormed, thick hot droplets of water that poured down heavy and hard against the highways. Of course Hopper would find himself on one of his rare days off in the middle of the later, in the middle of a cabin, in the middle of the nowhere woods.

El was at the Wheeler's, settling in for a long day of gaming, which Mike had assured all of the various chauffeurs for the party members would only take fourteen hours and that they could come back then. Karen had only rolled her eyes with a smile and offered up the basement for an overnight and Hopper had experienced his first crash-course on how there's no telling a preteen girl anything other than 'yes' to summertime sleepovers. Hopper never would have refused her anyway. El had been through enough as to deserve as many normal nights as she could get surrounded by people who loved her. But there was a small selfish part of him that was, well, bored now that he was alone in the house. Which was pretty ridiculous considering he had always lived alone before and had purposely chosen isolated places like this one so that he specifically didn't have to interact with people. There was a time when he could

entertain himself just fine in the woods. But sitting there in the overcast light of the afternoon listening to the rain pound all around him, Jim couldn't remember for the life of him what he used to do before with his time when he wasn't reading or watching old movies with El or scurrying around Hawkins trying to clean up after the Military-Industrial Complex conspiracy from hell.

There was a reason he never took days off.

With nothing better to do, Jim had all but dozed off at the kitchen table when a slow rap at the door startled him awake. He certainly wasn't expecting anyone. There were only a handful of people who even knew where he lived and almost all of them would have just come in. Whoever it was didn't knock like the government and monsters didn't knock at all, but he holstered his .40 caliber to be on the safer side and pulled the door open.

The tantalizing sight that met him on the other side of the threshold punched the air out of him in a soft exhale, the sound still loud enough to effectively remind him that the upside-down didn't have a monopoly on monsters. Jim had his own demons inside him, the kind that twisted in his gut and made him want things he shouldn't. Things like the two teenagers currently standing on his porch. Jim took a good long look at them and swallowed down the thick summer air to mask the tick in his jaw. They had played this game before and the monster inside him had won out over his conscious every time. The repetition didn't exactly make him feel better about it though. But god help him when Billy decided he wanted something—anything—or when Steve needed things that Billy was determined to get for him.

And this time Billy definitely wanted something. Hopper took a lingering moment to look them both over. Billy had draped himself across the door, hip and head cocked against the wood frame peering up through his lashes. Steve, as usual, was subtler, hovering behind Billy's shoulder trying to curl himself away from the rain. The path to the house didn't extend all the way up, and the walk from the car had drenched them both until they were dripping, denim and cotton clinging to every fold.

"Hey, daddy," Billy teased with a wicked grin before making his eyes

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Billy strode right on in, shaking his head wildly to let the rainwater fling in a violent arch, the movement incredibly canine. Hopper held a hand up to stop him but hesitated a few inches shy of touching. It didn’t matter how many times they did this. Hopper’s one hard rule was that they always had to touch him first. “Wait, you’re getting water everywhere. Let me get you a towel.”

Steve nodded, waiting obediently by the inside of the door while Hopper strode off to the bathroom. Billy, on the other hand, who either wasn’t bread with the same domestic etiquette as the Harrington household, or (more likely) purposely didn’t care, headed straight into the living room and plopped onto the couch, immediately soaking the fabric of the cushions. He found Hopper’s open beer from earlier that afternoon on the coffee table and swiped it, taking a long pull.

When Jim came back down the hall, Steve was still waiting patiently by the door. Hopper offered him a warm smile while handing over a towel before turning towards Billy in the living room.

Jim surveyed him, taking in the beer and his ruined couch, and sighed. He caught Billy’s eyes as the boy looked up at him, the blue sparkled with amusement and simmering rebellion and Hopper knew his own were just as bright. “Boy, don’t think I won’t put you over my knee,” he chided lightly as he sunk down onto the other side of the sofa and tossed a second towel at him.

Billy caught it and grinned back, tongue snaking out across his lips in a profoundly lewd motion. “I’d like to see you try, old man,” Billy taunted him back.

Hopper shot him a mock warning glare, quirking an eyebrow and rubbing a hand over the top of his leg to which Billy, of all things,

blew him a kiss over the top of the beer bottle. He was about to let the banter drop and ask Billy what they were doing there, in his cabin on a late summer afternoon when surely they had all sorts of places they could be—like their own couches. Only Steve made a soft choked noise from his spot in the doorway and both Billy and Hopper turned towards him. Steve's face was momentarily frozen in an expression Hopper couldn't quite discern. His eyes flicked down to the floor, knuckles white but the barest traces across his cheekbones were pink. He almost looked embarrassed. But Steve hadn't done anything to be embarrassed about.

"Steve?" Hopper questioned, surprised by Steve's sudden stillness.

Billy knew him too well, however, and could read him like a car manual. "You like that idea, baby?" He coaxed, like he already knew the answer to his question.

Steve whimpered, a soft strangled sound that was almost entirely swallowed up by the rain pounding down on the windows.

Billy's smile grew as he pressed him, leaning forward a bit on the couch. "Do you want to watch daddy spank me?"

Steve blushed, definitely embarrassed, but nodded once, sharp and sure.

Billy got up from the couch, his body settling into the graceful sinuous movements he seemed to reserve for when he *really* wanted something. Keeping eye contact with Steve as he peeled the drenched shirt over his head, he dropped it to the floor beside him with a wet plop. Billy sauntered over to where Hopper sat and Hopper watched him cautiously as Billy slowly unbuckled his own belt, shimmying out of his wet pants that clung all the way down his thighs.

Want churned in Hopper's stomach, that demon in him licking at his insides. "Billy," he warned him, but Billy, as usual, didn't listen. That tongue of his was back again and he winked at Steve before sinking to his knees in front of Hopper. Hopper felt Billy's fingertips run up his calves until his palms came to rest on Jim's knees, cupping them and applying a gentle pressure to get Hopper to spread his legs apart a bit so that Billy could move forward into the space between them.

Billy continued to move languidly up Hopper's inner thighs, just another form of summer rain rolling down window glass. When he got to the junction of his pelvis, he leaned forward into it, nuzzling the bridge of his nose into Hopper's groin. Hopper hissed, "Jesus, kid. You're going to *kill me*."

Billy twisted his neck just enough to look up at him through his lashes. "And you're going to *spank me*, right daddy?"

Hopper groaned, a low pitch sound of desire, but he wasn't going to give into Billy *that* easily. "Am I now? And why would I do that?"

"Because I *deserve* it," he retorted in that seductive purr that was somehow sexual and petulant in a way that only Billy could pull off. "I didn't listen and I got your couch all dirty. And because *I'm* dirty, because I drove all the way out here thinking about how much I want this monster cock to rip me open, all the way to my throat, while Steven over there holds me down for Daddy."

He nuzzled in again and took a deep exaggerated inhale for good measure. Hopper could feel Billy's cock from where it was pressed up against his shin twitch at the scent of him, and that, the idea that despite all his posturing and teasing, Billy could get hard just from burying his nose in Hopper's crotch and taking in his scent was enough to make Hopper ache from the raw, real need underlying this little game of theirs. Not that the game wasn't in and of itself a wicked and torturous rush, because it was. Hopper can't deny how his own cock jerks every time Billy says *Daddy* like an irreverent prayer, or Steve calls him *Hop* with hitched little hiccups in the back of his throat.

A shift in pressure brought Hopper back from the edge of madness, only it didn't turn out to be much of a reprieve as Billy crawled up his leg to position himself in a sprawl over Hopper's lap.

"Come on, Daddy. *Do it*." He said, punctuating his words with a thrust of his hips. "I know you want to. Steve wants you to. Stevie thinks I deserve it."

Hopper slid his gaze over the boy spread out before him, the roped muscles of his shoulders snaking down his spine, the delicious round curve of his ass. He looked up to Steve, motioning him over with a

signal of his finger. He'll admit that he was curious about Steve's reaction. The way that Steve had hung back thus far, observing without jumping right in alongside his partner-in-crime was unusual for him. That Steve was even embarrassed to this degree by anything at this point was surprising given how long he'd been with Billy. One could only imagine the things the two of them got up to. "Is that what you want, Steve?" he asked cautiously. "Do you think Billy deserves a *spanking*?"

He stressed the word with a curling emphasis and watched Steve's face for a reaction. Steve shivered at it, a flush running up his cheeks and he broke Hopper's eye contact quickly. That was interesting. Hopper had a theory though—that this might be a '*thing*' for Steve, a thing that might be close enough to a kink that really mattered as to make him wary of judgement or rejection. Hopper could sense the tension in him, a vibrating electricity to the air. So he soothed him by soothing Billy, moving his palm to the rain cooled skin of the boy's ass on his lap, rubbing slow circles over the flesh in a teasing, warming motion as he continued to look at Steve. The motions caused Billy to squirm, mimicking the circles with his hips in little micro movements that ground his cock into the top of Hopper's thighs. Billy, never the patient one, whined.

Hopper hushed him, continuing the slow rubbing. "I'm not starting until Steve tells me he thinks you deserve it," he remarked casually, like he's got all the time in the world and not a single care as to what happens next. It was an utter lie, but Hopper can bluff; he had earned his status of chief of police for a reason and at this point it certainly wasn't on account of his upstanding morality.

Billy had a rather astounding ability to go from cocky to genuinely desperate in three seconds flat. Whatever vibrato he had had in front of Hopper's knees had vanished the moment he was over them. "Steeve, please baby, please, tell him you want it. It's ok, baby. *Please.*"

At the register of Billy's frenetic tone, Steve moved towards them and sunk down to the floor across from Hopper as he finally seemed to regain his voice. It was raw and hoarser than usual when he spoke, but he managed. "Fuck, yeah, Hop. He deserves it. Do it. sp-spank him."

Steve's eyes were wide in anticipation and he subconsciously ran his tongue across his bottom lip. Hopper made sure to maintain eye contact with Steve for the first hit, letting his hand fall heavy and quick on Billy's ass. All three of them moaned at once. Steve's eyes flickered at the sound of the impact but he maintained Hopper's gaze. On the second slap, Steve's eyes shifted to Billy, watching with rapt attention as the boy arched under Hopper's heavy hand, riding the momentum all the way through as it drove him deeper into Hopper's leg before quickly snapping his hips back up for more.

Billy's cock was thick and heavy against Hopper's thigh, the boy squirming a bit at every pulse to get more friction. Hopper shifted to get him at a better angle, get a steadier grip on his waist. Adding in an up stroke that caused Billy to hitch his hips upwards as well. "Ah yeah, that's it. Just like that," Billy gritted out, the attitude and charm creeping back in.

Hopper rumbled out a low amused sound and tssked him. "You're not exactly in a position to be making demands, boy. What do you think, Steve?"

Steve shook his head slowly and cleared his throat. "Nope, no position at all," he agreed with a small smile.

"You hear that, boy? I think you should apologize if you want 'daddy' to spank you good and raw until you come."

Billy squirmed, looking for friction. "Well fuck, when you put it that way..."

"I'm waiting."

Billy pouted, considering. "Apologize for what?"

Hopper shrugged. "Figure it out."

Billy took the time to pretend to think about it, but Hopper knew that Billy's potential for patience didn't even come close to his own, or even Steve's for that matter. Hopper placed his left hand on Billy's lower back to weigh him down, using the fingers of his right to trail the crease of his ass, feather light touches as he traced from the

sensitive flesh of his perineum all the way up to the base of his spine and then did it again.

Billy's entire body started quaking, "Ok, ok! I'm sorry!"

"For?" Hopper prompted him.

"For not waiting for the towel, for getting the rain all over your couch, and for generally being a tease?"

"Like you'll ever be sorry for that last one," Hopper muttered under his breath and Steve hummed his agreement. And then added in a louder, deeper tone, "But I suppose that will have to do."

At that Hopper began to spank him fully, setting a purposely irregular rhythm as a counter beat to Billy's wicked moaned litany of "*DaddyDaddyDaddy, Yes.*" The warm weight of Billy bowed across him in submission was captivating, igniting a primal desire in Hopper to see him bend and break. Knowing the kind of exquisite torture keeping Billy's release just out of his reach would be for him, Hopper varied up the hits, smooth drawn out beats across the center combined with sharper little staccatos to the crease between his ass and thighs. He took note of which spots made Billy gasp, which ones made him squirm or cry out. Watched him incessantly push up for more, since Billy always wanted more of what anyone would give him and this apparently wasn't any different. No matter how Hopper came down on him, Billy writhed and moaned like the god damn piece of jailbait he was. Steve sat right where he was on the floor, transfixed by Billy's movements, his spine extended tight and straight but his face slack in wonder, his cock twitching through his jeans at the sound of every hit.

Hopper took a moment to sooth the reddening skin, skirting his palm around it in those maddening circles again, letting the blood flow tingle under his fingers. Not that Billy needed the reprieve. Hopper actually knew this was probably more torturous than the hits. The way Hopper was spanking Billy was way more erotic than it was painful. There was no way Billy was going to cry from something so trivial and they all knew it. And Billy's tears weren't what Hopper was after anyway. At least not like this. He'd never admit it out loud, but he couldn't hide the truth from himself that the idea of Billy

crying, big crocodile tears and a trembling lip, turned him on. He's wondered before if Steve has ever seen him cry, or if Steve had maybe even made the other boy cry and how. Hopper would bet money that the secret to Billy Hargrove's tears was one of pleasure rather than pain. And at that thought he always ended up wondering how many orgasms Billy can take before he's sobbing. If he could take more than Steve. Steve was the kind of boy that seemed a bit more comfortable with truly intimate forms of pleasure, that he might take the emotional weight of it for granted more, might have a higher tolerance for it. He hopes one day he'll find out. It was a thought that had him grappling at Billy's ass on the next stroke, curling his hand tight around the meat of it to really dig in before releasing.

The action was met with a particularly loud pleading sound from Billy and Steve finally snapped out of his trance into a determined movement, pulling himself up from the floor and coming closer until he was standing by Billy's grating hips. Steve leaned forward and, gripping with his hands on either side of his hips, pressed Billy's waist down hard into Hopper, pinning him there. Billy tried to jerk his lower body in Steve's hold, but with Steve's added leverage from standing above him, the effort was futile.

"Steeeeeve." Billy bit out, a long and exaggerated plea, but Hopper could tell he meant it.

"Yeah, Honey?" Steve teased, a mocking innocence designed to antagonize him.

"Why?" Billy sounded so petulant, almost panicked, that Hopper wanted to laugh at him again, so he did, a dark and dangerous sound.

Hopper spanked Billy again in the new hold, watched the wave of pleasure undulate through his muscles as it moved through him with nowhere to go.

"I'm holding you down for daddy." Steve explained, like it was obvious, like Billy should thank him. A sentiment Steve fully confirmed a second later. "Say thank you."

Billy groaned, chasing the ghost of friction under the iron grip.

Hopper let a heavy hand fall on his ass again, flicking his wrist at the last moment to add a sharp little kick that had Billy hissing.

“Thank you, Steven.”

“You’re welcome!” Steve said brightly. For a brief second, Steve shifted and pressed his lower body up tight against the side of Billy’s ass, rubbing the rough fabric against his raw skin, letting him feel just how hard he was through the fabric. Billy cried out, jerking against his hold to push back into it, but Steve still wouldn’t let him move. “Yeah, you feel what it does to me, watching you squirm in daddy’s lap? You making daddy feel this good too?”

“Yeah he is,” Hopper assured them. “Can you feel us, sweetheart?” Hopper asked, shifting his own hips so that his cock lined up more firmly against the hard planes of Billy’s stomach. Billy gasped, whined, nodded—trapped between two ends of denim and muscle and hard lines of cock with nothing he could do about it to get one, or preferably both of them, inside him. Steve continued to anchor him, letting Hopper get in a few dozens more slaps before Billy was quaking on that verge of being a whimpering non-verbal mess.

Steve maintained his grip on Billy’s lower waist as he slithered down on the couch behind him. Leaning forward and over him, he slid his thumbs over the top of Billy’s ass, absorbing the heat from his skin and then pressed his face forward, running his mouth over the reddest patches. The skin was sensitive and raw and Steve knew it. He didn’t let that slow or alter his movements in the slightest as he nuzzled his way in between the trembling muscles of Billy’s ass to get at his hole, running his tongue in a few broad stripes before plunging it inside him. Billy keened, the flesh under Steve’s hands pressing back hard to meet him with such a quick burst of strength that Billy actually managed to get his hips up an inch or so before Steve slammed him back down. Steve continued to eat him out, sloppy and wet, while Hopper started the hits back up in small light and quick patterns on the top of his thighs. Billy was lost to the sensation in the way that he could seem to give himself over to completely once pressed far enough past the precipice of his self-control. Since he was unable to move his hips, his hands grasped at anything they could reach, his hair, Hopper’s chest, tried to clutch at the back of Steve’s head to pull him in deeper. But Hopper took that away from him too,

scooping up Billy's wrists with his other hand and restraining them at the sloping curve of Billy's back so that Steve could work unencumbered.

Both Steve and Hopper could feel how close he was, his whole body quivering with the tension of it. Steve pulled his tongue out of Billy in order to talk to him, replacing it with two quick fingers that Billy took greedily despite the burn. "Restraint is a good look on you, sweetheart. I think we should do this to you more often. Maybe we should just tie you face down like this the rest of the night to Hop's bed. Then him and I can just come in throughout the night and use you whenever we feel like it. Your ass is going to be so raw after this, it'll feel so cold in the air without us on top of you that you'll be begging us to come in your ass again and again just to keep you warm."

"Fuck! Steeve."

"What do you think, Hop? He'd be such a pretty whore for us, don't you think?"

"Christ, yeah kid. You're right. He's such a good boy."

"So good," Steve concurred, placing his mouth back over him, his tongue aiding his fingers as he scrapped them over Billy's prostate slow and deliberate to send him over.

Billy threw his head back, neck bowing in a surprisingly graceful curve against the straining muscle and came silently, mouth wrenched open and his eyes clenched tight. His whole body spasmed and Hopper felt the rush of wet in his lap, hyper concentrated on a single spot on the top of his right thigh since Steve still wouldn't let him move his hips. It seemed almost cruel to wring his orgasm from him while under such restraint, but Hopper followed Steve's lead and kept Billy's wrists pinned up behind him as his orgasm shook through him until Billy collapsed panting without complaint.

Hopper gathered Billy up awkwardly in his lap as he came down, his muscles loose and flopping about and his eyes a little hazy. Steve sat down on the other side of him, wrapping his torso around Billy's back and pressed a kiss to his temple. "Thank you," Steve whispered to

him. "Fuck, Billy. That was so fucking hot."

Billy hummed out a little non-verbal agreement and pushed his forehead into the crook of Steve's neck, breathing heavily. Hopper's cock was throbbing in his jeans, and a glance at the way-too-sizable erection for anyone, let alone an eighteen-year-old, straining Steve's shorts clued Hopper in that Steve was with him on that. But they just waited while Billy's biorhythms settled, Steve reverently stroking his fingers over the warmed skin on Billy's ass while Hopper just let them both tilt in against him.

They knew the moment Billy was back to his regular in-game self the moment he opened his mouth. "Well that wasn't the type of ass-pounding I came over for, but that was pretty fucking great," he teased, punctuating the point with his tongue. Steve rolled his eyes and Billy winked at him, detangling himself from the couch to stretch his arms high over his head. The contours of his abdominal muscles strained under his skin, catching Steve's attention instead. Billy surveyed the other boy back, cocking his head into an angle Hopper would classify as predatory. Billy held Steve's gaze as he lowered his arms to his sides and slid his left palm back up to his ass, rubbing the skin there in slow deliberate grazes, let his skin shiver. Billy must have read something in Steve's eyes, understanding curling at his lips. "I think Steve wants it too, don't you, baby?"

The blush Steve had been sporting at the onset came creeping back up his neck, suddenly shy again, as he pulled his bottom lip in between his teeth and cast his gaze towards the floor.

Billy looked over at Hopper triumphantly and threw him a wink, "See, Daddy? Stevie *likes* it."

"Billy...", Steve protested.

"Well it's true," Billy taunted him, but then took on a more genuine, gentler tone when Steve still wouldn't quite look at him. "You don't have to be embarrassed about it, sweetheart. Seriously, it's not like you're the only one here that's into it—Obviously."

"Yeah?" Steve asked hesitantly.

Billy just snorted, like he didn't think that even warranted a response, but Hopper took pity on the kid. "Hey, yeah, of course we like it too. Come'ere."

Steve inched over to him and Hopper took his hand, pulling Steve in and down a little bit so he could place the open palm on his dick, letting him feel the granite hard length of it with his fingers. Hopper watched the desire flicker through Steve's face. "That's how much I enjoyed spanking Billy; That's how much I'd enjoy spanking you, if you want me to."

Steve ran his hand over the length of Hopper's cock, curling his palm around the sides and his eyelashes fluttered. "Yeah," Steve breathed out again, only this time it was more sure, even though it came out hoarse. He flit his eyes up to Billy and then over to Hopper with a small nod, "Yeah, I want that."

"As if that was ever a question," Billy huffed, his lack of patience in moments where everyone wanted something but weren't doing anything spurring him to ignite the rest of them. He reached forward, like he was about to caress Steve's face, only to wrap a quick fist around the collar of his shirt and pull him upright. The suddenness took Steve by surprise. He stumbled forward, chest colliding into Billy's. Fingers wrapping around Steve's jaw, Billy offset the jolt by gently guiding Steve's face to meet his. "This thing for you. Is it purely sensory? Or is it the whole thing? Do you just like the sensation of being spanked or do you want to be spanked by *daddy*," Billy emphasized. This close up to Steve's face, Billy could see every detail, watched the flush form and pupils dilate at his question and had his answer.

Billy signaled to Hopper over Steve's shoulder, a slight, almost imperceptible nod. But Hopper understood. "Steve."

"Yes, Hop?"

"Take down your pants and get over my lap. Now."

Steve shivered and licked his lips, "Yes, sir."

They all watched Steve's slender fingers as he worked to undress

himself, quick and efficient. The direct order seemed to aid his anxiety, allowed him to slip into a role that was more alert and responsive. Steve hovered at Hopper's side for a moment, trying to calculate the angle. He went over Hopper's legs more awkwardly than Billy had as he tried to fold and arrange his lighter weight and leaner limbs.

Hopper wrapped his outer arm around his waist and pulled him in closer to his torso and Steve's frame finally molded around him. He was so much slighter than Billy, the slender muscle and gentle curve of his ass almost delicate in comparison. Hopper scrapped the blunt ends of his nails over his skin, testing the sensitivity and relishing the tremors it induced. He hesitated just above his flesh, purposefully withholding the hit for a suspended moment so that Steve wouldn't be able to anticipate the exact moment of impact before he let his hand fall.

Steve's soft little surprised "oh" shot a jolt of arousal up Hopper's spine and Billy clenched his own fists and growled low, right there with Hopper in want.

Hopper started up a warming pace, savoring the ever so slight give to Steve's flesh beneath his palms. Hopper's hand was hot and heavy but he could tell by Steve's slightly frustrated whimpering that he needed *something* that wasn't quite there.

But Billy understood. He always understood. "I think you should spank him harder."

"Yeah?" Hopper looked down at the boy in his lap, the creamy expanse of smooth skin laid out and shaking. His ass had only just barely begun to flush, a pale pink tinting the skin as Steve rocked his hips ever so slightly in tiny pulsating motions against Hopper's thighs.

"Do you want me to spank you harder?"

Steve nodded.

"Steve," Billy cut in. "Don't be rude to daddy. Answer him."

“Yes!”

“Answer him, *nicely*,” Billy corrected, and Hopper chuckled, the vibration of his body causing Steve to whimper.

“Yes, please, Hop. I want it harder. I-I want it to hurt?” Steve tapered off on an interrogative lilt, the question less about whether he really wanted to hurt and more hesitantly seeking permission to want that from him.

“Yeah you do, baby,” Billy affirmed for him, stroking Steve’s cheek as he blushed.

Hopper’s cock throbbed at the idea that Steve could take it harder, but looked up to Billy, who knew Steve better when it came to limits and intimacy, seeking some kind of confirmation. Billy nodded, “He can take it.”

Billy went around to the front and wrapped his hands around Steve’s wrists, holding them still. “Can’t you baby? Jesus, you’re so fucking hot, Steve, all spread out over daddy’s lap. Don’t worry, he’s going to spank you good. And you’re going to take it, aren’t you sweetheart.” It wasn’t really a question, but Steve nodded again frantically anyway, his fingers searching out Billy’s forearms to anchor himself.

Jim let his hand fall heavier, adding in a bit more momentum. The force of the slap pushed Steve forward, sliding his hips a full few inches across the top of Hopper’s lap, the sound of it loud enough to make Hopper flinch. Billy, on the other hand, just smiled wider as Steve let out an equal-volume moan to match it, his cock jerking against Hopper’s thighs. So he did it again. Hopper built up a rhythm, an increasingly punishing pace. Whereas spanking Billy was all changes in pattern, keeping him surprised and guessing in an erotic tease, Steve seemed to respond best to a violent consistency, steady and brutal sweeps of Hopper’s hand that physically rocked him forward on every stroke, on-setting bruises deep into the tissue.

Steve kept making choked little sounds in the back of his throat as he moaned. Hopper could still feel Steve’s cock sliding against him in a hard wet weight on his lap. Fifteen more minutes in and tears had begun to form on Steve’s face, silently rushing down his skin like rainwater, even though his erection and heady pleading little hitches

never wavered. Hopper looked down at him in awe, loving the feel of such an intense level of impact against his palm, loving how Steve's face looked when wet. Billy apparently did as well as he leaned in and profanely licked the tears off Steve's cheek in one long stripe from the tip of his chin up to the corner of his eye.

Billy always had to use his mouth for something. When he wasn't sucking on a cigarette, fingers, or a cock he became a talker, a consistent barrage of filthy thoughts and questions that never needed to be answered. "Yeah, that's it, beautiful. Look at you. Do you like it? I know you do. Look at you squirm for it. Your whole body is just begging for it. I bet you've been dreaming about this for so so long. How long has it been, baby? Since the first time you ever saw him? Was it when you were a kid and saw how big his hands were? Bet they were giant compared to you back then. Or was it more recent? The first time we blew him together and you saw up close how thick his thighs were? Just one of them is bigger than that lithe, tiny fucking waist of yours. I know you noticed that. You had to. I bet that's all you thought about when you had his dick down your throat, wasn't it? Were you thinking about bending over for him then? Thinking about how strong and steady his lap would be?"

"Freshman year," Steve choked out between hits. "...Broke up a senior house party. I was the only freshman there. Asked me if my father knew where I was... The tone of your voice, Hop, fuck, it was..."

"Authoritative." Billy helped supply.

"Fuck, yeah."

"Like he could really put you in your place."

"Yess."

"He should have spanked you then. Such a bad boy to be out drinking like that, Steve. I bet it hurt daddy to see you like that. He must have been so *disappointed* in you."

Steve bucked his hips hard at that, face buckling as he scrunched his eyes tightly, nodding and dripping tears, "Fuck yeah, I'm sorry."

Hopper took in this new information and found the voice register of the authoritative tone Steve apparently liked, slipping into it easily like he did everyday on the job. "It's ok, baby. You're taking your punishment now. And you're not going to do it again, right? I know you want to be a good boy for daddy. I know you can be."

"Yes yes yes, I promise Hop, I am. I will be," Steve agreed.

"I know you will. And you now know what will happen if you ever aren't again." Hopper promised him, emphasizing his shaded words with an extra razor sharp slap.

Hopper's promise, that he'd do this again, anytime, to keep Steve in line. To give him the discipline and attention that had always been a blank vacancy in his life had Steve gasping, arching into a hard hit of arousal that coursed through him and pushed him to the edge.

"Daddy!" Steve cried, in the high choked sound he always made when he was right on the edge of coming apart. Steve rarely if ever called him 'daddy' vocatively like Billy did. Only apparently, like this, upturned over Jim's knee with tears streaming down his cheeks and a heavy hot cock chaffing against the denim of Hopper's thighs, he does. He didn't just call it out but sobbed it, like it was the only thing he knew how to say. Other than of course "Billy!," which Steve also cried out right after, digging his fingers deeper into the other boy's arms.

And Billy was right there, pressing his forehead against Steve's wet face, answered him in soft soothing tones. "Yeah, baby. I'm right here. I got you. You're so good, sweetheart. Next time I'm gonna do this to you. It's not the same as Daddy's lap, but still, I'm going to pull you over mine and then I'm gonna spank and finger your ass for *hours*. Maybe daddy can teach me how. He can tell me how hard, how fast, when you've had enough. And you can burry your face in his lap and see if crying about it, or maybe even seeing if deep throating daddy's dick with that sobbing hungry mouth of yours, will help you. Even though it won't. Would you like that?"

Steve murmured high affirmative sounds. "Be a good boy and come for us," Billy commanded before sweeping forward to kiss him in a deep sloppy seal of his lips so that Hopper could still see Billy suck

Steve's tongue into his mouth, practically fellating it, absorbing the scream that ripped out of Steve as he complied with the order and came. His body twisted and convulsed on Hopper's lap, chasing the friction. Hopper spanked him through it, not relenting any of the power behind the impact until Steve had fully come down to a quivering mess of relaxed muscle and languid bone across his legs.

Hopper scooped him up like he had Billy. All of Steve's muscles were trembling and his eyes closed as he slumped into Hopper's chest, burrowing his temple against Hopper's shoulder. Billy crawled over and mirrored Steve's actions from before, pressing himself up tight to him, nuzzling into Steve's neck against the rapid pulse point. "Thank you, daddy," Steve said quietly and Hopper's heart leapt with a pleasant protective warmth for the boys clutched around him.

Thank 'you', he wanted to say, but knew it wasn't what Steve wanted to hear. "You're welcome, sweetheart." He bent to kiss the top of Steve's head, the drying strands soft against his lips, bent further to do the same to Billy. "Both such good boys," he assured them, as they shifted to curl further against him.

Hopper tried to hold back the pained groan from their shifts of movement against his lap. His age gave him a stamina advantage but it didn't alleviate the throbbing ache of being that hard for that long any more than when he was eighteen. It was all too much, the sight of the boys over him, the feel of their hot skin under his palms. The pained sounds of pleasure they made, unabashed and unrestrained in their youth. "You boys are so beautiful," he told them earnestly. They smiled back at him, eyes crackling with light. Billy ran his tongue lightly across his lip while Steve pushed back his hair, still damp from the rain and sweat. They crawled toward him and suddenly hands were everywhere, their long lean torsos pushing into either side of him as they pressed up against him on the couch, straddling his open thighs with their own, rubbing at his chest, his cock. Quick fingers unzipped him, another hand pulled his cock out from his pants. Hopper couldn't even pinpoint which boy was doing what, teasing and pulling at him, stroking light and rough in tandem over his cock, his balls, and chest. Their lips melting on his neck, his mouth, and tongue. Together they pulled his orgasm from him and he

came with a raw, hoarse yell surrounded by the warmth of their skin, the smell of sweat.

Billy grabbed the towel Hopper had initially brought out for him off the end of the couch and wiped all three of them off before falling back against Hopper's side, sliding down his shoulder so that his head was right above Steve's where he had settled face up in Hopper's lap. He kissed Steve's cheek and then looked at Hopper, mischievously. That couldn't be good.

"So, we saw El at Mike's when we dropped off Max and Dustin and know you don't have to get her until the morning," Billy said slyly.

"We want to have a sleepover too," Steve supplied.

"Yeah, pretend we're kids or something."

"You *are* kids or something," Hopper groaned.

"Or *something*," Billy purred back.

"Yeah, you're both definitely *something*," Hopper agreed.

Hopper got up from the couch, letting the two boys collapse back into the center on top of each other where Billy immediately reached for Steve to drag him closer. He headed into the kitchen to search through the food reserves. They all would be hungry when they came down enough from the endorphins. He relit the pilot light in the stove and grabbed a kettle, watching the boys on the couch conspiring on the evening's plans in hushed, excitedly wicked tones. There was an electric lightening to Steve's eyes, a rumbled thunder in Billy's answering voice. The rain was still pouring down outside, unrelenting. Hopper could serve and protect, fight monsters, and cover up catastrophes, but he couldn't stop a storm.

Steve leaned into Billy with a soft kiss. Billy closed his eyes against it, all the tension seeping from his body for a suspended moment before they started to build it back up together, re-tangling limbs at every angle as they worked back up to a frenzied pace. Hopper continued to scrounge some food together, the rising boiling water in the kettle bubbling out an irregular rhythm that matched the tempo of sighs

and gasps filtering in from the living room.

“Hop!” Steve’s voice called to him. “Come help me with Billy. His ass is all sore and tender. He needs something softer to lay against while I fuck him.”

Hopper shook his head amazed, marveling at the refractory period of youth and the fluid give-and-take of power and demand between them.

“Daddy!” Billy called out impatiently. “My *mouth* is cold.”

“Jesus Christ,” Hopper muttered. They really were going to kill him, but there were worse ways to go. Hopper reached for the kettle to take it off the stove. “Ok, alright. I’m coming.”

“Not yet!” Steve chirped back, sounding much more like himself. The self that was just as incorrigible as Billy when he wanted to be.

Hopper sighed and rolled his eyes but let the kinetic current draw him back into the room. Steve already had four fingers in Billy’s ass and Billy had the early brushes of bruises on his chest that looked suspiciously like teeth marks. Hopper looked them over, two wild insatiable things. “Alright, so what are we going to do about that mouth of yours?”

Billy and Steve’s eyes glinted with the same razor-sharp cut of their answering grins and Hopper knew they had already come up with a precise solution. According to the forecast the rain was only going to pick up throughout the dusk. There was nowhere to go, nothing else to do, nothing else he’d rather be doing anyway. So Hopper did the only thing he could and yielded, gave himself over to it—to them.

It never just rained in the summer in Indiana. It either drizzled or it stormed.